

Ups and Downs of  
Railway Schemes

## == THE BOARD OF TRADE OF WICHITA ==

Prominent Men  
Who Lent Aid

REMINISCENCES OF THE DAYS  
WHEN WICHITA WAS IN THE  
GRISTLE.

THE BOARD OF TRADE OF WICHITA  
AND HEREIN

"Of Many Things Which I Pain Would  
Rescue From Quick Oblivion"

## CHRONICLE III.

"To write local history; to be exact; to  
sound no one; to give all actors their due;  
to be a god."

In the spring of 1885  
The building of the new city  
There was business, thrift and money;  
Kansas was the land of milk and honey.

In the year of eighty-five farm land sold  
The trouble was to keep the "stuff." Raw  
lands to ten miles from Wichita  
sold at from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per quarter.

Late in the spring of 1885, Jay Gould,  
General Solicitor Brown, General Manager  
Hoxie, George Gould et al., officers of the  
Missouri Pacific Railway company, arrived  
in Wichita one morning and invited Colo-  
nel Murdoch, Levy, Niederlander and Ol-  
iver and the local attorney, to go with  
them to Anthony. On the ride back the  
Wichita and Colorado railroad was born;  
the route being from Wichita to Mil-  
lerton, thence to Stafford, St. John and  
Larned. Procrastination, however, let the  
Kansas P. R. build from Hutchinson to St.  
John before we got started. The rela-  
tionship of a Hutchinson lady to the wife  
of an official of the Missouri Pacific forced  
the line to Hutchinson. Verily, verily,  
woman, weak woman, round among "pots  
and kettles," using man, strong man, for  
"kettles," woman, frail woman, with a  
finger in hand scattering microbes and  
other death-dealing animalcules from  
times beginning hath had a large  
part in the world's chronicles.

"Talk of woman's sphere, as if it had a  
limit."

There's not a place in earth or heaven;  
There's not a task to mankind given.

That hath a feather's weight of worth,  
Without a woman in it."

Heaven of Troy, Cleopatra, Dido, Garah of  
Macedon, Boudicca, the Duchess of  
Portsmouth, Agnes Tait, Pompadour,  
Marianne, Mrs. Lincoln, Madame Reca-  
mier, Madame de Stael, Countess of Pom-  
padour and other ladies of character, rep-  
utation and wit, and thousands of unknown  
yet strong-brained women have made and  
unmade nations, created generals, colonies,  
nobles and judges, well as wars;  
changed forms of government and man-  
ners, brainy man, has charged the sword  
to "destiny," instead of pedantic; cured  
his divining staff; his horoscope—

Little think—never dreaming—  
That some lovely woman's ways  
In affectionately scheming  
Has changed a year's work in a day.

The local directory of the Wichita and  
Colorado railway went to bed hearing the

"Braky" call out: "Al aboard to Mr.  
Hoxie, Stafford, St. John and Larned!" and  
awoke with a telegram from New York:  
"The road will go to Hutchinson. Full  
instructions to Harding by mail."

That the eloquence of man,  
All statistics, map, and plan,  
Were brushed aside by woman's wit;  
And that was the end of it.

Hutchinson claimed the "first blood,"  
and we then all claimed that we always  
intended to go to Hutchinson. Before we  
"laid down," however, we appealed to Mr.  
Gould. He dismissed the appeal and af-  
firmed the judgment of the lawyer official.  
In a little time we found that the D. M.  
& A. N. P. R. had bought the D. M. P. R.,  
and the line from Geneseo to Mulberry  
had formed a "trust," and that the Wich-  
ita and Colorado railway would end at  
Hutchinson; that all dreams, schemes,  
plans, hopes and ambitions of the "Wich-  
ita crowd" as "railway projectors" and  
"town builders," "bond voters," "subsidy-  
getters," were at an end, and forever; and  
instead of a main line to Pueblo, Col., from  
Wichita, we were tied to the main line as  
a branch at Geneseo. Instead of being the  
"trunk," we were only one of many branches.

Fate hath so far made Wichita a branch-  
line town in name, but we are the only  
"branch-line town" that "time tables" are  
made to accommodate. The only one  
where twelve commercial travelers for a  
wholesale house might make Marion, New-  
burg, Burton, Lyons, Kingman, Harper,  
Medicine Lodge, Anthony, Caldwell, Ar-  
kansas City, Neodesha and El Dorado and  
get home the same day. Wichita as a town  
paid for all it has; no legislative larceny  
hath added a dollar to the millions of  
taxable assets of Wichita. The sums paid  
to the state treasurer give us a right to  
demand some public enterprise, enable us  
to utilize appropriations made to towns  
whose existence depends on biennial legis-  
lative plunder.

Note: The writer hereof, speaking only  
for himself, hopes we will continue this  
policy until all the lunatic asylums, state  
prisons and normal schools are located.  
Though home industry is a good thing,  
it is better to ship lunatics and convicts  
out and thirty people in. So far as a  
normal school is concerned, it will add  
nothing; in nothing; it will only take labor  
from and dwarf our present splendid edu-  
cational institutions. Another great rea-  
son is that we are now at liberty to ex-  
amine into and criticize all appropriations  
not just or demanded. The location of a  
public institution forces us to let all  
"scales" go through, to save our own par-  
ticular larceny of public money. Wichita  
is the result of local pride, brain, labor  
and sweat. Situate on buffalo grass sur-  
rounded by sunflowers; hundreds of  
miles from commerce; the political and  
commercial larceny of Kansas; without  
natural advantages save land (the su-  
preme mother of all fortune), and

With no powerful "friend at court,"  
Of every bustling town 'tis sport;  
The bludgeoned and envious sneer

Were daily ours from year to year.

The years came and went, yet slowly,  
surely, we were upward climbing. High  
was the mark at which our archers shot.  
We aimed at the capital, and struck the  
column above the base. Our rivals became  
our helpers and by hatred "fricked" the  
sides of our intent; goaded us to shoot  
at the unattainable prize; a shot and  
arrows. We learned to shoot high. And  
from the peak of our efforts we beheld  
our rivals groveling in the dust beneath  
us—scrambling for the crumbs of the  
Wichita banquet.

The shafts of envy, spite, rancor and  
malice were hurled at Wichita from every  
point of the compass. Our success only  
created a larger band of "howlers," and  
our misfortunes were heralded abroad—  
as if our misfortune was a shot and  
arrows. We learned to shoot high. And  
from the peak of our efforts we beheld  
our rivals groveling in the dust beneath  
us—scrambling for the crumbs of the  
Wichita banquet.

"Lean-faced envy from its loathsome  
cave"  
and scattered as autumn leaves. Poison  
was shed on the evening air like the dead-  
ly upas, to inoculate all within its zone.  
"With rival hating envy" our good of-  
fices were spurned; our friendship was a  
badge of disloyalty to the coyote hounds  
which, at last, stood afar off, contempla-  
ting the dying lion, waiting for the hour  
to "hold a wake" and gnaw the carcass.  
In 1886 we felt we had succeeded, despite  
the many handicaps put on our stead by  
the jealous rivals in the race. In fact, we  
may truthfully say:

On prairies level, bare and brown,  
Which seem'd to reach from sky to sky,  
United begin built up a town called  
Wichita; which said would surely die;  
Dwellers therein all move away;  
Soon it would crumble and decay.  
As many another had done,  
And gave ruin'd brick and stone  
Naught remain, to recall some day,  
The dreamers on the Arkansas  
Who founded, what was, "Wichita."

But these calamities, base as hell; black-  
er than the hue of dungeons; as rancorous  
as the tongue of a "turncoat," only  
made our turn brighter and spur the  
town to carry a heavier load, and break  
every coil to work in "lead, swing or  
wheel," and push on to the hill top. Yes,  
in 1886, we had triumphed, and yet we  
felt that until we achieved the mountain's  
top, the regal peaks, and stood upon the  
lofty crest, o'er toppling the naked beel-  
ing rocks that frowned on the valley below;  
far above the timber-line, beyond the  
ragged peaks and the flower that buds  
amidst the snow; beyond the clouds, above  
the glare, where, wrapped in the everlasting  
shroud of frost, lay the frozen senti-  
nels guard the rocky pass, in solitude and  
grandeur, we should neither pause or rest.  
Our ambition was not base-born, but high,  
sublime and lofty. Old age would be in  
comfort; the generations unborn would  
asp our names, and build monuments when

we were dust of ashes.

"Our high-blown pride at length broke,"  
and there "were none so poor to a  
reverence." We fell, and, Oh! what a fall.  
"Aye, verily, as Lucifer from the battlements  
of Heaven," and what royal company—  
Kansas City, Omaha, Los Angeles,  
Denver, Galveston, Tacoma, Sioux City,  
and the small fry. Railroads went into re-  
ceivers' hands. The shock that cleared our  
decks, tore away the mast, flooded the  
hold and tore from our sides the lifeboats  
and left us "to the mercy of a rude  
stream" was felt from Marblehead to the  
Golden Gate; from the Lakes, north, to  
the Gulf, south.

Our hold tenaciously dwarfed the past and  
made us a monument—a mile-stone in the  
highway of the historian—and we will not  
be forgotten.

Note: Ere we say to this farewell, I de-  
sire to give a few facts as to the Wichita  
and Colorado railway. Colwich was made  
as the name from the first syllable of  
Colorado and Wichita; An-Dale (this was  
the proper spelling, as fixed in the charter  
of the company) was formed from the  
name of George Anderson and  
Wichita (Judge Dale's brother). The  
first syllable of Anderson and the name of  
"Dale."

## REORGANIZED BOARD OF TRADE

In the winter of 1886 the new board  
was striving for place, for recognition. It  
was the pioneer and, like "old politicians,"  
dated to surrender to the young men.  
The new men were impatient and aggressive,  
and had some cause for it. They wanted  
a place on the board of trade. "No one  
would give way." The board of trade held  
its meetings and heeded not the brewing  
storm. Some of the members felt that  
the new men were not treated fairly, but  
the "management" just "sawed wood";  
heard not the "rabble." The "rabble"  
was composed of men that had, them-  
selves, held power ere they took to Kan-  
sas; men that had brains, influence,  
"and, by Jingo, had the money, too," be-  
longed to the new crowd and in their veins  
"blood ran warmer than wine."  
They, too, had read Rob Roy, and learned:

The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That he shall take who has the power,  
And he shall keep who can."

Acting on this humanitarian impulse,  
which has been the rule amongst the civ-  
ilized and uncivilized heathen, since the  
days of old Julius, surnamed Caesar, the  
new board circulated a call around town  
for a meeting on the 1st of January, 1887.  
On the night above set out, at least  
five hundred men met at Garfield hall,  
the local hall, and many of the silent  
members attended.

[Up to this date the board of trade had  
no funds save the dues, which were small.  
No funds were in the treasury. Collec-  
tions around town were made to raise  
money for any committee work.  
On the night above set out, at least  
five hundred men met at Garfield hall,  
as agreed in the call, and a more en-  
thusiastic band never, before or since, had  
business in hand. George W. Clement  
(afterward mayor) was made chairman  
and Alexander Steele was secretary.

Among the then prominent men present  
were George M. Dickinson, Colonel Bean,  
W. K. Carlisle, Attorney Pacy, Ed. Foster,  
Hess, George Blackwelder, George L.  
Hoxie, Mose Hinman, R. A. Haste, Sam  
Hoxie, George Masten, W. R. Dulaney,  
Elmer DeVore, George C. Strong, Talmage  
of Todd & Talmage, George G. Matthews,  
Arthur Parks, W. F. Green, C. E. Fer-  
guson, W. P. McNair, C. H. Peckham,  
Gardner Work, W. M. Bond, Colonel Tol-  
ler, George W. Walter, J. S. P. Gordon,  
Frank Dale, Jim Mercer, J. J. Parks,  
Hodge McQuinn, Bruce Keenan, Wesley  
Morris, Aaron Katz, Lee Hays, Sam Gold-  
stein, Robert M. J. Jackson, Murray My-  
ers, Hank Heegerman, and hundreds more  
I cannot at this date recall.

On that night George Clement "won his  
spurs"; demonstrated his power to talk  
and his right to be a ruler.

Alexander Steele that night proved he  
could think and act.

"Things" moved along, with suggestions,  
until Pacy arose and said:

"Time was money; money was power;  
power was what we needed; that a corpora-  
tion with such purposes as we were at-  
tempting, needed cash; that an empty  
treasury could do nothing, was as nothing.  
He therefore moved that 100 men donate  
50 apiece to be called membership fee;  
that each new member donate \$100 apiece,  
and that this money be used to defray the  
expenses to be incurred in securing in-  
dustries for Wichita."

Verily, verily, you stick your finger in  
the chamber of commerce bell. Dire do-  
struction's desolating demolition had cut  
the "old board" in twain. The silent mem-  
bers were free and were glad that they  
were free. They exclaimed when accosted  
by the detail sent after them by the old  
board:

"Let the galled jade wince, our withers  
are unwrung."

The impetuous temper of the "old board"  
was checked. There was naught to do  
but "stoop to conquer." Delay was dan-  
gerous. The new charter must be left un-  
written. Concession, compromise, capitula-  
tion on honorable terms, were all that  
was left. The old board saw that dissen-  
sion was death; that in harmony only was  
salience to Wichita. The board met in the  
room where C. E. Ferguson's law office is,  
and sent a committee to the chamber of  
commerce. The chamber of commerce sent  
a committee composed of Clement, Steele,  
Dickson, and two men who were members  
of the old board and who had linked them-  
selves to the new. After deliberation it  
was agreed that the board be increased to  
25; that the old board have 12, new mem-  
bers 12; that A. W. Oliver be president; George

L. House, vice president; George W. Clem-  
ent, secretary; M. W. Levy, treasurer;  
that the subscription circulated be turned  
to the old board; that a meeting be held  
in the court room, at First street; that the  
new directory be elected, new officers chosen,  
the subscriptions be paid. With some  
modifications the program was carried out  
and as the meeting adjourned some one  
(probably from Kentucky) sang out:  
"United we stand, divided we fall."  
Some one answered:

"In harmony triumph, in unity fall.  
Be the banner sheltering all."  
This was the "star" of the meeting:

Harmony,  
Unity,  
Strength,  
Success.

The new board of trade soon had in  
its treasury \$12,000. The old board had sur-  
rendered, but by a strategic act it retained  
all it lost. The board was too large to  
handle anything. The personnel of the  
directory, for brain, labor, power, "result  
getters," was never surpassed by any  
town, but the board was too big to act.  
Therefore an executive committee was in-  
jected into the by-laws. This committee  
was: President, vice president, secretary,  
treasurer and Colonel Murdoch. The old  
board lost the "dead" and won by taking  
the last trick.

The personal aggregate wealth of this  
board run into millions; millions based on  
tangible wealth. And yet the "stump,"  
the subsequent decline, has left them as  
ruined campers of content and made friends  
derby. Of that glorious, gallant, generous  
band few remain; many are dead. Some  
died almost as paupers. The monument  
that marks their resting place cost more  
money than the estate they left was worth  
at final settlement. Some are almost out-  
cast; some are working by the day to  
earn bread for their families. Many of  
three men subscribed and paid  
donated subscriptions that today would  
make their family above want, if not in  
comfortable circumstances.

And yet, in this short day, their  
names, dead lives, are almost forgotten.  
Verily, verily, you stick your finger in  
the chamber of commerce bell. Dire do-  
struction's desolating demolition had cut  
the "old board" in twain. The silent mem-  
bers were free and were glad that they  
were free. They exclaimed when accosted  
by the detail sent after them by the old  
board:

"Let the galled jade wince, our withers  
are unwrung."

The impetuous temper of the "old board"  
was checked. There was naught to do  
but "stoop to conquer." Delay was dan-  
gerous. The new charter must be left un-  
written. Concession, compromise, capitula-  
tion on honorable terms, were all that  
was left. The old board saw that dissen-  
sion was death; that in harmony only was  
salience to Wichita. The board met in the  
room where C. E. Ferguson's law office is,  
and sent a committee to the chamber of  
commerce. The chamber of commerce sent  
a committee composed of Clement, Steele,  
Dickson, and two men who were members  
of the old board and who had linked them-  
selves to the new. After deliberation it  
was agreed that the board be increased to  
25; that the old board have 12, new mem-  
bers 12; that A. W. Oliver be president; George

and pride, cannot but feel a pang that they  
were only to behold the promised land and  
were never to enter therein. To name these  
men now will wound the living; wound  
many of them yet, living afar off.

Some day, when the historians write  
of Wichita, he will "in letters of gold, on  
leaves of silver" inscribe the names of our  
heroes, and the generation yet to follow  
us will do them the honor which this gen-  
eration withholds. The pioneer since the  
world began has never reaped the harvest;  
he that plants a tree seldom eats the fruit  
thereof. The pioneers of Wichita are no  
exception to the rule. Of the pioneers of  
the west, of southwest Kansas, it may  
be said:

There's now a city, a thousand homes,  
On land he broke for his first seed corn;  
He, a stranger, now aimlessly roams,  
Where his wife died and his babes were  
born.

The fusion of the new blood and the old  
blood was a guarantee of success.

George Clement afterward became pres-  
ident of the board; then mayor of Wichita.  
His sun went down in a cloud, never to  
rise again. He was a man, proud, ambi-  
tious, noble, generous, unafraid, and his  
friends yet believe that had he lived and  
kept his health he would have cut his  
name in the Kansas tree deep enough to  
have it remain until our archives became  
as "dust of ashes."

Clement was in many respects an orator.  
He was clear-cut, forcible and argumen-  
tative. He stamped Kansas for Charles  
Robinson for governor and made friends  
whenever he spoke. His speech at Galves-  
ton was the one speech made by a Kansas  
man. The Texans who attended that meet-  
ing all recall Clement of Wichita.

The writer hereof, and Clement, were  
never friends. I do not, in the praise, dis-  
parage others. Reverting the Roman say-  
ing, "Let nothing save good be said of the  
dead."

I do but call to mind his worth, his noble  
attributes. In the hundreds that be-  
longed to the board of trade Clement  
"dared to lead where any dared to follow."

His friends were proud of him and his  
enemies respected him. He was a good  
later, and a warm friend. "And the ele-  
ments so mixed in him, that nature might  
stand up and say to all the world, 'This  
was a man.'"

The amalgamated forces of Wichita  
were, in their day and generation, indivi-  
dual. The new board of trade  
had "an eye as keen;  
A brain as clear;  
An arm as strong;  
A purse as long"

as any rival they had to grapple with.  
Association with these men was a lib-  
eral education. It was a school where  
matured men learned the power, worth and  
genius of each other; where opinions were  
weighed by enemies and deliberately  
adopted as the course of wisdom and busi-  
ness sagacity. The majority ruled and the  
minority submitted.

This paper has reached its length. In  
number four, when written, the Burton  
Car Works, Dole Packing House, Whit-  
taker Packing House, Rock Island Rail-  
road, and minor things, will be treated,  
and then "and then The Deluge."

CONTRIBUTOR.

THE PANTHER== His Unearthly Scream == Some Definite Aim == THE SALESMAN  
Once Heard in Kansas == In Life Necessary ==

## "FELIX CONCOLOR."

The following interesting historical  
sketch was delivered last week before the  
Kansas Academy of Science, which state  
organization held its annual meeting in  
Topeka.

J. R. Mead of this city, prepared and de-  
livered the sketch, much of the material  
being of surprising news to most of Kan-  
sas later comers. Few Wichita citizens  
imagined that this now peaceful com-  
munity was ever the home of the wild  
and ferocious cougar, puma, panther and  
mountain lion.

"Felix Concolor," locally known as  
mountain lion, cougar, panther, puma,  
and perhaps other names, was occasion-  
ally found in central Kansas in its first  
settlement; was common along the  
southern line of the state, yet more com-  
mon in the Indian Territory, now known  
as Oklahoma.

His habitat was along the timbered  
streams and the prairies and hills adja-  
cent.

In the fall of 1859 the writer observed  
skulls of buffalo calves, some recently  
killed and partly eaten, in a heavily tim-  
bered land of the Solomon river, a few  
miles above its mouth. Later, the San-  
dow and Fox Indians, on their annual fall  
hunt, came in that land and with the  
aid of their dogs killed an immense pan-  
ther. I did not measure the skin, but it  
was the largest of many that the writer  
obtained from the Indians in subsequent  
years. In 1865 the writer saw one on the  
Whitewater in Butler county, close to  
Mead's ranch, where Towanda, now  
stands. It came out of the tall grass

close to where my children were playing  
in the road and leisurely bounded along  
to the bluff to the east.

In the winter of 1861 the writer rode  
almost onto a very large male lion, lying  
at length upon the prairie, some three  
miles south of the junction of the Medi-  
cine Lodge and Salt Lake rivers, near  
the Great Salt Plain. His color harmonized  
so completely with the dead, brown  
buffalo grass he was not observed until  
I was almost upon him. He was not dis-  
posed to move from his position, and not  
having my rifle with me, I rode around  
him at a distance of fifty feet and talked  
to him; but he could not induce him to move,  
except his eyes and head, which followed  
my every movement. A bunch of wild  
horses near by in a ravine may have  
been his quest. I rode away, leaving him  
to his meditations.

One March, 1862, near a spring surround-  
ed by trees south of the Canadian river,  
I saw a skeleton of a seven antlered  
deer within a radius of two hundred feet.  
They had been food for panthers, I sup-  
pose.

Deer were their principal food, spring-  
ing upon them from a tree or a trail,  
or more frequently still, hunting them,  
smoking up the grass, as a cat  
pounces on its prey, and then, with a  
leap and covered with leaves, its neck  
bitten through and skin torn by sharp  
claws, catclawed for a future meal.

These notes were suggested by my  
friend, Prof. Dyche, asking if I had ever  
heard a panther "scream," stating that  
in his large experience as a hunter he  
had never met a man who had, and re-  
garded the "scream" as a myth. I can  
answer most emphatically that I have.

In January, 1863, during the extreme  
cold and heavy snow, I was coming in  
the winter near the mouth of Turkey  
creek on the Cimarron river. About 10  
o'clock one night two panthers came  
close to the camp, less than 100 yards,  
and lifting up their voices let loose the  
most unearthly, blood-curdling screams  
I was ever my good fortune to hear.  
Lebo, the big buffalo bull, has a deep,  
mellow, low note, which, when he is  
heard for miles over the silent, frozen  
plains; and their music has lulled me to  
sleep as I lay wrapped in my blanket  
in the snow; but the unearthly scream of  
a panther close at hand will almost  
freeze the blood in one's veins, and for  
an instant paralyze most any form of  
man or beast. My horses and mules fled  
to the wagon usually paid no attention  
to wild animals, but on this occasion  
they trembled like a leaf. Some Indian  
women and children were sitting around  
their camp fire. They screamed and ran  
into their lodges. The few Indian men  
seized their weapons. I distinctly remem-  
ber being astonished myself.

The next morning it was snowing. I  
took my trusty friend and companion,  
my rifle, and waded through the snow to  
a dense body of post oak timber, half a  
mile distant. Underneath the interlock-  
ing branches of the timber was a thicket  
of brush and green briars.

I soon found the fresh tracks of two  
large panthers and followed their tracks  
through and under the brush and vines  
between the tree trunks for an hour, al-

ways close on them, sometimes within  
two rods. I could not see them, as the  
falling snow covered the sight of any  
body, but I could hear the sound of their  
paws more than a rod distant. They  
could easily have sprung upon me from  
either side or behind. I failed to get  
sight of them.

In all my experience I never saw any  
wild animal to attack a person unless  
wounded and crowded upon. Panthers fre-  
quently killed and ate Indians' horses,  
and the Indians hunted and killed them  
with the aid of dogs.

A panther's scream heard in the wilder-  
ness on a still night is an experience  
never to be forgotten. The memory of it  
will stay with him to the end.

My friend, Matthewson, my former  
partner on the plains and the original  
"Buffalo Bill," who spent more than  
twenty years on the plains and moun-  
tains, as a hunter, trapper, guide, scout  
and trader, from the head waters of the  
Missouri river to the Gulf, commencing  
in 1848, tells me that he has killed twenty  
or thirty of the animals; that he has  
often heard them scream, and describes  
it as similar to my experience. He says  
that they have entire tones of voice to  
suit the occasion, as other cats have and  
that a mountain lion is a distinct variety  
of "Felix Concolor"; has a short body  
and heavy, stout legs; while a panther  
has a long body and slender, lighter  
limbs. He says that both varieties were  
more numerous in the vicinity of the  
Wichita mountains than in any other lo-  
cality. He never knew one to attack a  
person.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.  
Real success is never reached in a single  
bound, yet Benjamin Franklin said that  
"the road to success is as easy as the  
road to ruin." Many an American has  
arisen from bare-foot boy on the farm to  
the wealthy merchant, the eminent state-  
man or the honored inventor.

It is essential that every young man and  
young woman have some definite aim in  
life. Each one should mark out for him-  
self a course, and then bend every effort  
to follow that course. The current of mere  
circumstances is treacherous and unsafe.  
It is not surprising that those who aim at  
nothing accomplish nothing in life. Any  
one can drift, but it takes pluck to stem  
an unfavorable current.

Once the occupation is chosen, concen-  
tration is essential. A man may have the  
most dazzling talents, but if his energies  
are scattered he will accomplish nothing.  
There are young men working in the  
stores of this city who earn their salaries,  
perhaps, by working the required number  
of hours in the day, but who do not  
give his work a thought after he has quit  
for the night, he will never make any  
great advancement in his calling.

The young man on the other hand, who  
is reading up the history of his business,  
looking up facts concerning the manu-  
facture of goods, if he is in the employ of  
a goods man, will put his latest  
fellows every time. He can easily decide  
many important things concerning the  
business for himself. To give an example:  
Take the dry goods salesman who knows  
the history and process of silk manu-  
facture, or is well posted on the cotton in-

dustry. It is impossible that he will not  
attract the attention of his employer.  
Again, take the salesman who can tell  
how a hat is made. Is there one sales-  
man in ten who can tell how a piece of  
iron is cast? It is only by constant ap-  
plication to one's calling that any remark-  
able headway can be gained.

Horace Greeley once said: "If any man  
fancies that there is some easier way of  
gaining a dollar than by square earning,  
how a hat is made. Is there one sales-  
man in ten who can tell how a piece of  
iron is cast? It is only by constant ap-  
plication to one's calling that any remark-  
able headway can be gained."

When a young man has decided to work  
with a will, he has made a long stride  
toward success.

Many young men have ambitions of their  
own and are anxious to start in business  
for themselves, but realize the impossi-  
bility of so doing because of the lack of cap-  
ital. If any chance would give them a  
few hundred dollars, they think their suc-  
cess would be assured. They forget that  
man's true position in the world is that  
he is himself a failure. What comes by  
chance will go by chance.

It is only necessary to contrast the  
thoughts and actions of many salesmen  
with those of successful merchants to un-  
derstand how it is that so many of the  
former fail.

Industrious, luxurious living, bad habits  
and divided energies tell the tale. It is an  
old saying that "some men can tickle the ear  
with a bow and it will laugh a crop." Not  
all men can be successful or achieve a de-  
sired end. Circumstances, over which they  
have no control, may prevent. Remember,  
however, that "not failure, but low aim,  
is crime."

SHE WAS REMEMBERED.  
A pretty little episode occurred on the  
Christmas eve just passed, which reminds  
one of Robert Emmet's creed, "Inasmuch  
as ye have done it unto one of the least  
of these, my little ones, ye have done it  
unto me." A man living in this city was  
so wanting in every element of happiness  
for the romance and mythical shining of  
childhood that he spent several weeks be-  
fore the Christmas season telling his little  
baby girl that Santa Claus was all a  
shadowy dream and was not real. The  
little girl, who had been told that Santa  
Claus was real, and that he would bring  
her every thing she wanted, had before  
steadfastly believed. He even went so far  
as to forbid her from hanging up her  
little stocking, warning her it would  
come to naught. A young man employed  
in one of the confectionery stores, heard  
of the case and went round from door to  
door, telling the little girl that Santa Claus  
was real, and that he would bring her  
every thing she wanted. He even went so  
far as to forbid her from hanging up her  
little stocking, warning her it would  
come to naught. A young man employed  
in one of the confectionery stores, heard  
of the case and went round from door to  
door, telling the little girl that Santa Claus  
was real, and that he would bring her  
every thing she wanted. He even went so  
far as to forbid her from hanging up her  
little stocking, warning her it would  
come to naught.

How Two Brides  
Act In Church== GOSSIP FOR HOME PEOPLE == Flutterings of the  
City's Affairs

## A PAIR OF SENSATIONAL BRIDES.